

### A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJ. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

IN PURSUIT—MR. SNUYZER CONTINUES HIS STATEMENT TO MESSRS. SARA-BAND.

I left Hill street in pretty good humor, for Miss Frida Fairholme gave me a draft on account which might have won me from your employment if she wanted my services. Then I went home, and, having warned Joe Vialis to be in readiness to accompany me, I waited for my last orders. I had been told I was to be associated with a British officer, a friend of the captain's, and that he would join me right away, so we might take the cars at once for Plymouth. But my gentleman never appeared till my hour, and when he did appear he showed up as a high-falutin Jack-a-dandy whom I thought no better than a dude. But I was wrong there, and I will say at once that I cottoned to him some before we parted.

My instructions came in a letter. It was addressed to me, indorsed "immediate," in an envelope marked "On Her Majesty's Service," which I am not, as you know, and don't want to be, being a freeborn loyal subject of Uncle Sam. The letter inside was headed with the royal arms and signed "Charles Collingham, major general." It was to inform me that the steam tug Jacob Silverton had been secured for a particular business, and would be found some night lying at the Plymouth pier-head, with fires banked, ready to go to sea at a moment's notice.

The letter went on: "I understand from Lloyd's, and it has been calculated from the admiralty charts as the basis of her speed and the progress she has made, that the yacht Fleur-de-Lis should be abreast of the Lizard about dawn on, say, 3:30 to 4 a. m. tonight. If the tug leaves Plymouth before midnight, she can gain such a position by daybreak as to meet the Fleur-de-Lis and cross her course. If you do not sight her at once, you must lie to, waiting for she cannot well be passed. When you have intercepted her, as you surely will, she will be boarded by an officer of my department, who will accompany you and who carries the necessary authority from the lords of the admiralty to use force if necessary, and a certain number of police and coast guardsmen will be on board the tug."

I found a tall, military looking gentleman at the door in a haughty manner. "Hop in," he cried pleasantly. "Only just time to catch the 5 express."

I preferred to travel with Joe, but we joined forces at Paddington, where my gentleman had secured a compartment, and we started to talk over our business right away.

"Hang that fellow Willie Wood!" began the major. "Wish he was at the bottom of the sea. I was due this very night at a big feed at the Charlatan club, and I've had to spend it in the train. Got me a jawbation, too, from the chief, for we were all out at lunch when he came in, and as I was the first back I had to take the rough edge of his tongue and came in for this ugly job. Is it all a true bill? Have they really got Master Willis in a tight place? Mean to make him walk the plank and all that, eh?"

I told him the whole story from the beginning, at parts of which he laughed and parts looked very grave.

"Always was a garden ass, Willie Wood, but a good chap—good as they make 'em. He'd give you the shirt off his back and always ready to do all your work if you'd let him. Now, I'll do my level best to pull him out of this mess if I can. What chance have we? Let's see how it stands."

With that he pulled a small chart out of his pocket and a pair of dividers. We went over the points one by one, and he took them all in a clear, quick way that was beautiful to see. It was the first time I'd had to work with a British officer, and if they're all like this major they're a spy, smart lot, and don't you forget it.

"It's all a question of time," he said as he marked a cross upon the chart and, after running out a few more figures, went on:

"That's where the Fleur-de-Lis ought to be by daylight, three or four miles to the westward, steaming at the rate we know of, not necessarily gaining, but possibly with better speed in hand if she wants it. Now, where shall we be? That will depend upon how our hooker steams, and for that we must wait till we get on board."

We found her, the Jacob Silverton, with her steam up, lying alongside the wharf in the Millbay docks, and, as they expected us, we were soon under way. It was then close on 1 a. m. Now the major made anxious inquiries as to her speed, and we found the best she could do was about nine knots. There were no more than three hours to daylight, and then we should have covered a bare 30 miles.

"You'll wait to take the boy off, I hope?" I was anxious about Joe, not wishing he should come to harm.

"That's all right. He understands. If we have to leave in a hurry, he's to make the best of his way back to England on his own account. I gave him money and explained. No fear of him."

We got no sign from him the whole of that afternoon and evening. The time passed quickly enough, for the major and I talked all the time of what we thought to do and how we should do it. The bold plan pleased us best, and we meant to row straight for the yacht with all hands, picking up Joe by the way, board her and trust to luck and bounce for the rest.

Night came about 8 o'clock, dark and starless. It was best to get to work right away, and we were to start about 9. But a little before that we heard shots and the noise of a rumpus, faint, but distinct, in the distance. Something was up, certain sure, and in the direction of the bay, for the sounds came from the yacht.

"Better not poke our noses into any row, not till we're driven to it," the major said quietly. "The night's young yet. We've got it all before us."

So we waited half an hour, and were on the point of starting out on an expedition when we heard a sound of oars approaching.

What could it mean? Then came a low "Hello! Jacob Silverton aho!" in Joe's voice, and he was soon alongside, in a boat that belonged to the Fleur-de-Lis. He said so, anyway, and we were bound to believe him, although it was a confounding queer story.

While he waited among the rocks he still kept his lookout on the yacht. Although it had fallen dark, he could make out her hull on the water plainly; there were lights, too, aboard, with streaks and reflections strong enough to show up parts of her.

Suddenly he saw a figure dropping out of the stern into the yacht's dingy, which seemed to have been put there on purpose, and which, anyway, was quickly cast adrift, for it floated slowly and silently away. The tide was making into the bay, and she must have been caught on the current, which carried her inshore. Half way to the land the figure, which had no doubt been crouching in the bottom, out of sight, got up on to the thwart and began pulling like mad.

Joe soon made up his mind. He must know more about this boat and the man in it; so he got up on to the top of the rocks, where there was a better surface, and ran all he knew to the head of the bay, following the sound of the oars and getting a squint now and again of the black smudge of the dingy. He came upon it at last, high and dry on the shore.

But the man was gone. Joe was a smart nipper; he knew what he had to do, and that was to pass on his news to us. The quickest way would be to row out in the dingy; so he ran back into the water and pulled out to the sea, coasting the far side and giving the yacht a wide berth.

When almost off, a fierce row broke out aboard. Six shooters were let off, several shots, pretty quickly followed by yells and curses. Joe saw that the disturbance was heard on shore; lights began to dance about in the village, and the alarm was given.

"They'll soon have the gendarmes on their backs. Now's our time. We'll take the dingy back; it will be an excuse for getting on board," said the major. "Sharp's the word, skipper. Man the boat, every soul you can spare, cast loose and give way."

A shore boat was already alongside when we got to the yacht; it had brought the authorities, for when we halted the answer came in French to keep off, that the police were in charge, and if we had anything to say it must be by daylight.

"Anyway, we'd better bring the tug into the bay and lie close handy against the morning," I suggested, and the advice was considered good, although the skipper did not much like the job of entering a strange place in the dead of night.

There were more difficulties made next day, and it was quite late before the major and I set foot on the Fleur-de-Lis. Some more big French toads had come off from shore—a magistrate, one or two doctors, and an officer of gendarmes—and they had begun a "verbal process," as it is called; for there had been wounding and attempted murder, so they said, on board the yacht.

The long and the short of it was that the rogues had fallen out among themselves; with good reason, too, from the point of view of some of them. McQuabe, the colonel from Klondike, had fallen out with Lawford for assisting our captain to escape from the yacht, and loosed off at him directly Wood was missed. He was a

quick shooter and had pretty well filled Lawford up with lead, so full that it might go hard with him.

But, at his own request, they let Major Thornhill have some talk with him, in which a little light was thrown on recent proceedings. William Wood has been brought thus far in the Fleur-de-Lis, a close prisoner, but by Lawford's help had broken out and got to shore in the dingy. He, of course, was the man Joe had seen.

Questioned as to the confidential papers, and whether they were on board, Lawford shook his head.

"The duke has stuck to them. There's money in them, a big pile, and he's crossing the pond by tomorrow's mail to sell them to Uncle Sam. Guess you won't overtake him, and if you try to stop him on landing he'll have the American government on his side. They're hungering for those papers, you bet."

"You are positive they are not here?" insisted Thornhill.

"Don't I tell you? I'm likely to get nothing more from this crowd except my death, and it's to my advantage to serve the other side. If you want those papers, you must look for them on the Chattahoochee, and she leaves Southampton tomorrow (Sunday) morning."

It was now only the afternoon of Saturday, and we might have done it well starting back full steam ahead at once. But French police and French lawyers are a sight slower and more interfering than the British, and they wanted all of us to sign a new "verbal process" all about ourselves. The formalities were not completed by Sunday morning, and by the time we were ready to start for England the Chattahoochee must have already left the Solent.

We made, therefore, for Weymouth, the nearest point, and landed late that night. Thence the major and I took the cars for London, neither of us remarkably happy, for the whole blooming business was more or less of a fizzle.

BY LATHAM, ALEXANDER & CO.

How the Price Climbed From September, 1899, to the Present—Small Crops Worth More Than a Large One—Outlook For the Immediate Future—Important Incidents of the Year's Trade.

Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, are among the most reliable and intelligent cotton authorities in the world. The following review of the operations of the past year is taken from their "Cotton Movements and Fluctuations," just issued:

The cotton year of 1899-1900 was one long to be remembered. The volume of trade was large, speculation was from time to time broad, and fluctuations were unusually wide. The season opened under conflicting conditions, and opinions among those presumably best informed were at radical variance.

The visible supply was superabundant, the acreage of the growing crop was conceded to be ample, and many factors were said to be well stocked. Owing to prevalent cheapness of cotton for some time, traders had become accustomed to a low level of prices and almost the only hope of those who believed in a materially higher range of values was based on faith in a smaller crop, and a broadening improvement in general trade of the country and consequent increase in demand in manufactured cotton goods.

Thus may be epitomized general conditions and the prevailing outlook of September, 1899.

In the first week of the new season ending September 5, the market was nominal, and, so to speak, featureless. January contracts opening on September 1 at 6.04 and closing September 8 at 6.13.

By this time discussion of the growing crop began to intensify everywhere, and opinions differed so widely that the market became sensitive to shifting reports, and fluctuated accordingly. The government report issued September 15 was very unfavorable, and naturally influenced the Southern markets for spot cotton, and likewise the New York market for future deliveries. Accordingly, for the week ending September 22, January contracts closed at 6.44, showing a gain of just 44 points from the opening of the season.

By the end of the month the market had become a wailing faith in shortness of the current crop, so that prices for future deliveries were everywhere 50 to 75 cents higher at the end than at the opening of the first month of the season. January deliveries closing on the last day of the month ended at 6.94, having sold during the week at 6.85.

Popular talk was then to the effect that 7.00 would be high water mark for January contracts, and the present monetary system is greatly to her advantage, because nearly two-thirds of her crop must be sold to gold countries and paid for in these indispensable facts make plain three things for the South's profitable guidance:

First. Watch the world's consumption demand and produce no surplus cotton.

Second. Lean more to the diversification of crops and thereby insure greater independence.

Third. The gold standard should certainly be entirely satisfactory to a people who are in no way interested in silver, and whose chief product is necessary to the civilized world and commands its market value in gold wherever trade and commerce are known.

At the opening of the current season, anything like a reliable forecast of

the market's future course was difficult. Among the influences serving to hold any further advance in check were the prolongation of the South African war, the serious cholera epidemic in China, reports from all centers of large stocks of manufactured goods in first and second hands, and the hope of improved weather conditions throughout the cotton belt, which might materially increase the current crop above earlier estimates.

What tended, however, to counteract these adverse influences and made any material decline improbable was the general belief that the South African war could not last much longer; that the Chinese complications would somehow be solved without involving the great powers in general war, and the current crop being admittedly several weeks late, would be seriously cut off in the event of early frost.

Over and above these general differences of opinion were the following recognized facts in the case, which gave substantial encouragement to those who believed in the higher price of cotton:

First. The visible supply of the world, on September 1, 1900, smaller than it had been on the corresponding date for many years.

Second. European spinners were known to have smaller stocks on hand than for a long time, thereby having bought little more than hand-to-mouth supply during the latter part of the crop year, believing firmly in an abundant yield from this crop.

Third. Liverpool speculators were said to be heavily short of cotton for future delivery, both at home and in our New York market.

Fourth. The spot markets throughout the South were exceptionally low in stocks, and cotton was being firmly held at higher prices relatively than ruled in New York.

Thus it was that at the opening of this season those who studied all the conditions closely and weighed the pros and cons dispassionately, found no temptation to believe that they were easily converted to a faith in materiality by higher prices.

Through this widening friendliness to the price of cotton, the market advanced after September 1st, and during the first week of the new season an advance of over half a cent a pound for contracts for future delivery was scored. In the course of the advance Liverpool became thoroughly alarmed, and outstripped New York and even the Southern market in the upward movement.

The advance was so rapid that on September 7th a considerable number of Massachusetts spinners held a meeting to consider the seriousness of the situation and to devise ways and means for their relief. They resolved to buy no more American cotton for immediate delivery, even though this withdrawal from the market should necessitate shutting down the mills. This radical action was expected to paralyze the American markets and make a precipitous decline in cotton and thereby enable Liverpool to supply her pressing needs at great advantage. This action failed of its purpose. Futures on the New York cotton exchange suffered a spasmodic advance and then entered the loss before the day was over, and the spot market throughout the South was not budged by the British resolve.

At this stubborn resistance in our home markets, Europe took fresh fright, giving the Liverpool market a greater boost on Saturday, September 9th, than on any previous day of the year. The current advance, New York responded enthusiastically to Liverpool's remarkable advance and closed Saturday, September 9th, with all the active options well above 2 cents, and showing a gain for the first nine days of the new season of from a half to three-quarters of a cent a pound.

Following this sensational 10 days' record came the indescribable storm of Saturday night and Sunday, sweeping over a great part of the state of Texas, causing terrific life and death and destroying millions of dollars' worth of property. The first accounts of the lamentable disaster filed the New York papers Monday morning and were cable to Liverpool before the opening of the markets there. The result was tremendous. The Liverpool market opened in the wildest possible excitement, carrying prices in a whirl to the highest level yet seen in the year. The advance at the opening there over Saturday's close was nearly a cent a pound for spot cotton and from a half to three-quarters of a cent a pound for futures.

The New York market opened in full response to Liverpool's wild advance for futures, contracts for September and October delivery selling at the opening call at 10 cents, being from 50 to 60 points above Saturday night's close. Later in the day September sold at 10.50, the spot cotton over Saturday's price, and spot cotton was quoted at 10 cents, being the highest price reached in ten years.

During the week the cotton exchange continued in a state of intense excitement, bordering sometimes on demoralization and panic. The volume of trading was enormous, and yet under the strain of this unexpected condition there were but two small failures announced.

The government report for August was issued at 12 o'clock, and while it made a very unfavorable showing for the growing crop, which would under ordinary circumstances have produced a decline in the market, it was so unimportant, as compared with the disaster in Texas, that little attention was paid to it.

It is too early in the season to make anything like a reliable estimate of the current crop; but from all information we have, covering the entire cotton belt, we believe that it will be any greater than last year's, if that, much. It is a "spotted crop," and that, in itself, makes any prediction of the total yield unreliable.

Besides that, the extent of the damage done by the Texas disaster must be an unknown quantity for some time to come, and this makes the element of uncertainty in estimating the crop. However, we believe in a prosperous year for the cotton trade throughout the world, and while fluctuations will most likely be frequent and violent, we do not see any reason for believing in much, if any, lower prices than at present prevail.

As prices have reached a very much higher level than has been reached in any previous year, it is to be expected, and the supply turns out to be as short as now seems probable.

HERO OF MAKEKING.

How a Trained Ape Guarded the Besieged Town.

Two Generals Snymans were conspicuous during the famous siege of Makeking. One was a wily Boer commander and the other was an intelligent ape. The job of the flesh and blood General Snymans was to force the gallant Baden-Powell to surrender the town and his sorely-harrassed garrison; that of his missing-link namesake was to keep the town advised of the beginning of the daily bombardment.

The original General Snymans failed to accomplish his task; the counter-terf did. For this reason "General Snymans," the ape, or, as some have jocularly dubbed him, "General Snymans II," is now a British hero.

Every day for over three months

General Snymans, the Boer, trained his guns on the little town of Makeking. Sometimes the bombardment began at daybreak, sometimes the opening shot was held back until after breakfast. But the hour mattered not to the faithful ape, who had been trained to protect the garrison and the handful of inhabitants. He was ever on the alert. The instant smoke was seen to rise from the Boer batteries the ape, from an elevated scaffolding or tower, saw and knew that the huge shells were about to pour into the town. And sometimes before the report of the cannon was heard the alarm was sounded. This consisted of a school-house bell, removed from its accustomed place, and erected close by the ape's lookout.

The townspeople and the garrison alike were ever on the qui vive for the sound of the bell. They placed their fate entirely in the hands of this sagacious animal. Before the tinkling sounds were heard, Makeking looked much the same as any other town surrounded by earthworks. Its shops were open, its people were strolling about as quietly and unconcernedly as if on a holiday. The ringing of the bell changed all this. Beneath the town, under the streets and houses, were subterranean tunnels of all shapes and sizes. In Kansas they would be termed "cyclone cellars." They were quickly prepared places of refuge. The bell was the signal for everyone to seek one of these covers. The ape gave the alarm and everyone scampered.

Many lives were undoubtedly saved through the watchfulness of this hoary "General Snymans," and when the siege was raised he was the recipient of a great many honors. Later he was taken to London where he was shown to admiring crowds from the windows of a New Oxford street animal dealer. This life was not agreeable to him, however, and he was bought by E. H. Bostock for \$200 at Glasgow. There he now holds daily receptions and he seems to appreciate his honors as keenly as a human being.

The statements of "General Snymans's" exploits were doubted in some quarters at first, but later all skepticism was removed by the statements of several residents of Makeking during the siege and by assurances from South African travelers that apes are frequently trained in that country to do all sorts of manual labor. One case is cited where an ape operates the signals on a railroad.

PENPOINTS.

Some Short and Pithy Sayings by Rev. J. M. Steadman.

Southern Christian Advocate.

He who goes through a form of consecration and says his all is on the altar and yet uses his poverty for self has only fought a sham battle.

Many of the pillars of the church become sleepers. The pockets of Sunday pants never did have much change risked in them.

If talking was the power which runs the church one man or woman could be found in every congregation to do the work.

Many throw away one of heaven's richest gifts—opportunities. The strongest believers in a community of goods have the least to put in the common treasury.

God will not accept the napkins of excuses as the equivalent of the interest which should have been accrued on the buried talent.

He who has never had God to wipe away his tears by an open grave has missed religion's sweetest consolation. God has enough promising notes (vows) to bankrupt Him if He was dependent on men.

Some church members are better able to stay away from a collection than they are from places of sin.

Some parents seem to think that the best way to train up their children is not to train them at all. He who fears God fully fears no one else.

All of Uncle Sam's idiotic children are not in the asylum. The man who has made a reputation has made a troublesome thing. If he has to look after much else.

The "Jack-with-the-lantern" Christian is dangerous to follow. If some people's heavenly citizenship is like their earthly they will not be very useful citizens.

The white cotton blooms of today will be the reds ones of tomorrow. The white lies of childhood become the black ones of manhood and womanhood. God never puts tags on His children to announce that they are Christians. To feed your soul on the inconsistencies of other Christians is to give it poor food indeed.

Those who argue most about the Scriptures do not always live best. He who ceases to watch will soon cease to care.

A position which is above a man's capacity only develops the weakness of his character. A dead man always advocates dead issues.

"Vanity Fair" is always running and is always patronized. The man who would enjoy his religion alone has nothing but selfishness to enjoy.

We have no right to say that we enjoy our religion unless others can say they enjoy it. The narrow way is wide enough for us to walk two abreast into the kingdom.

The hypocrite is the devil's acknowledgment of the genuineness and worth of the Christian religion. The Christian who when away from home goes to places and does what he does not frequent and do at home denies in practice the omnipresence of God, and is more concerned about the opinion of men than he is for the favor of God.

The Sultan. "What," asked the Sultan, casually, "is the meaning of duty?" "Duty," replied the Imperial Tutor in English, quite misunderstanding his majesty, "is a principal part of do."

"Ah, I begin to understand!" muttered the monarch, starting violently. "The powers that be, if they do me enough they will eventually do me!" Then the royal brow darkened and the order went forth that the sultan would personally review his troops in a sham massacre later in the day.—Detroit Journal.



He saw a figure dropping out of the stern into the yacht's dingy.